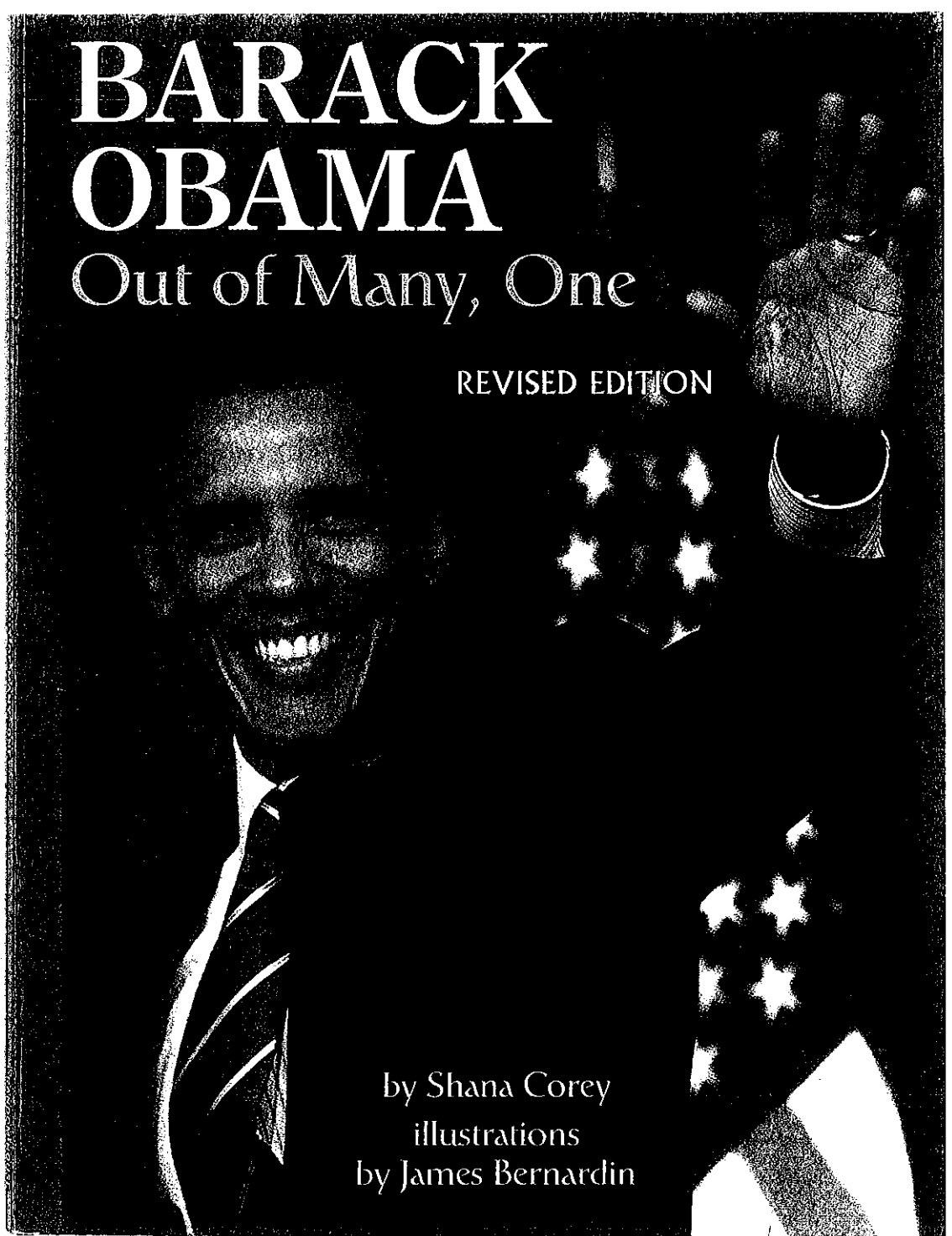


# BARACK OBAMA

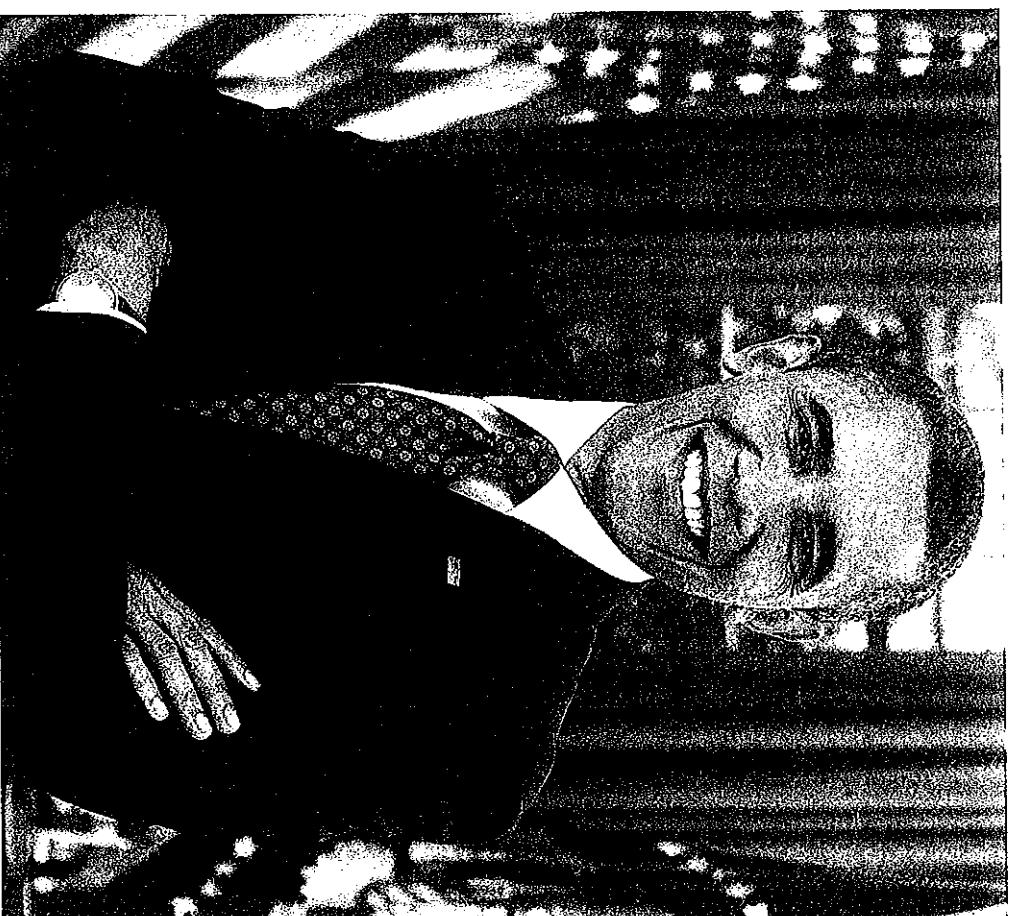
Out of Many, One

REVISED EDITION

by Shana Corey  
illustrations  
by James Bernardin



We all have stories—  
each and every one of us.  
This is one of those stories.  
It is a story of  
a skinny little boy  
with a funny name  
and how he became part  
of America's history.



You've probably heard of him.  
His name is Barack Obama.  
And he grew up to be  
the forty-fourth president of  
the United States of America.



Barack Obama was born  
in Hawaii

on August 4, 1961.

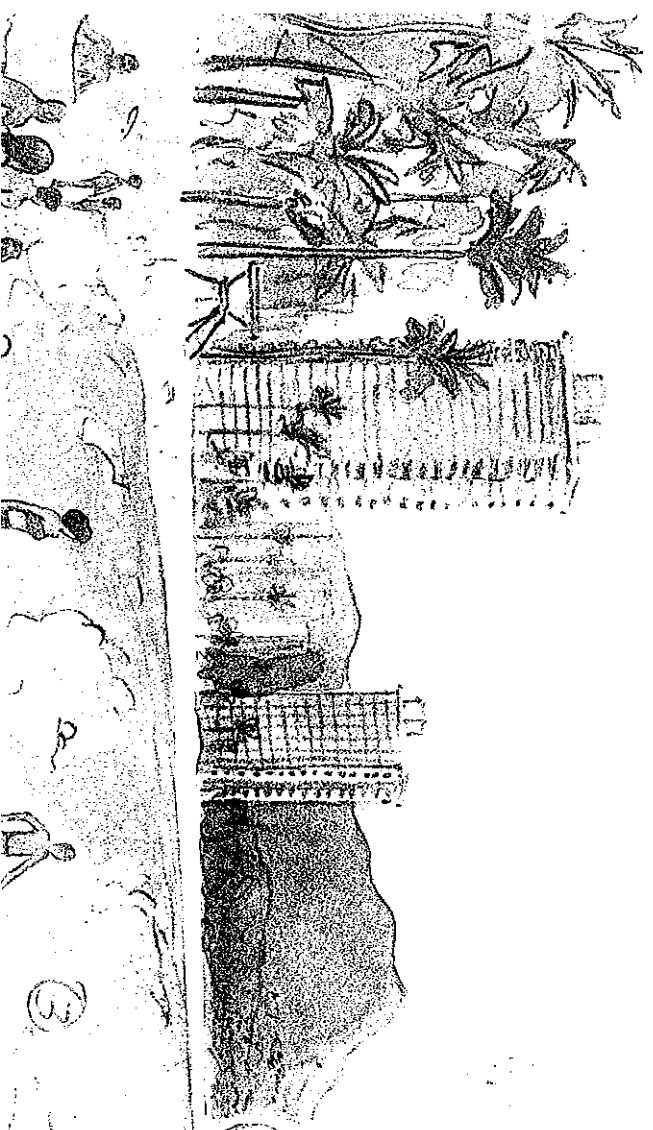
It was a time when

not everyone believed

black people and white people

should have the same rights.

Barack would help change that.



Barack's mother, Ann, was white.

She was from Kansas.

His father was black.

He was from Kenya.

Barack was named

after his father.





When Barack was two years old,  
his father moved far away.

Barack and his mother  
lived with his grandpa, Gramps,  
and his grandma, Toot.

Barack listened

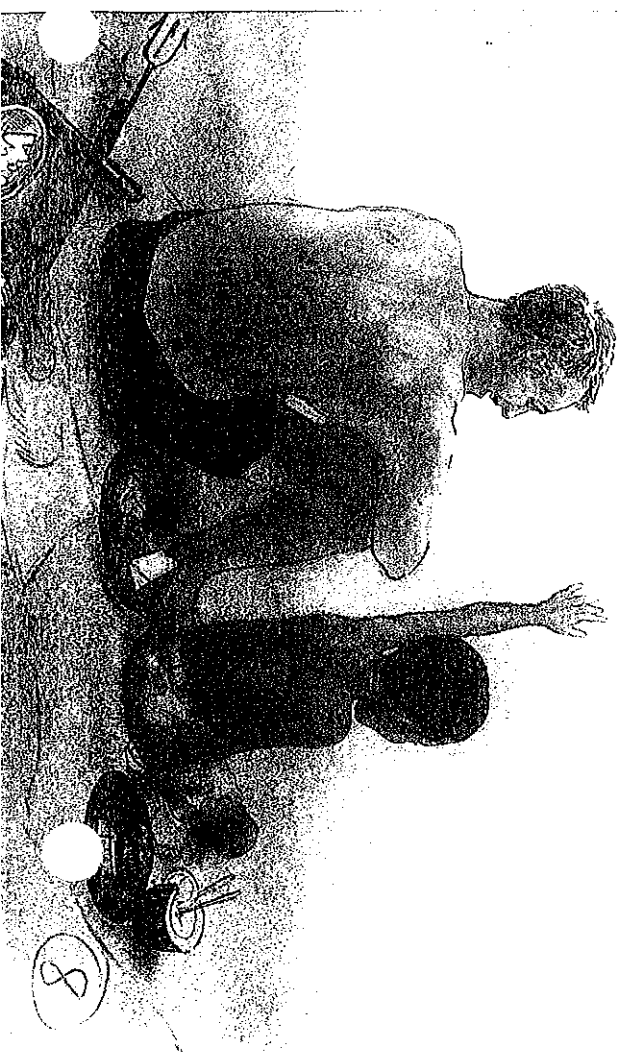
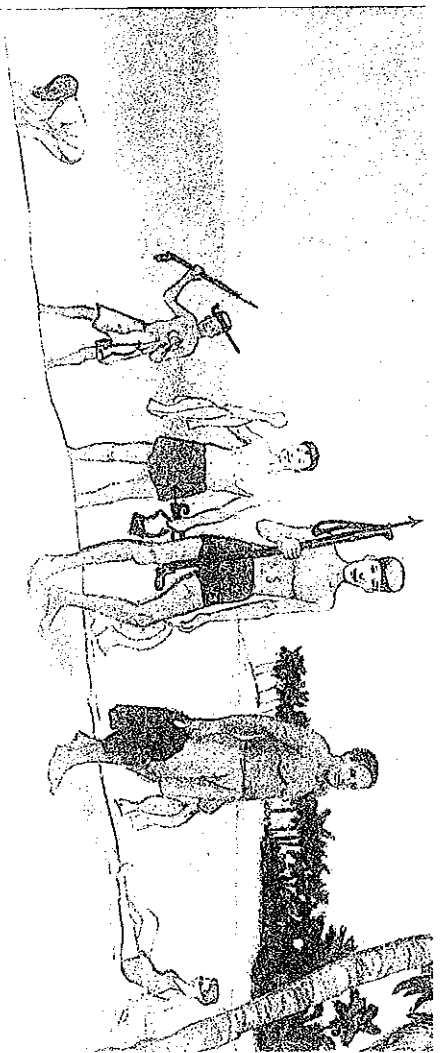
to his mother's stories  
and imagined the father  
he did not know.

Hawaii was a wonderful  
place for a little boy.  
Barack played at the beach.  
He ate rice candy and roast pork  
and a Hawaiian food called poi.



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He went spearfishing with Gramps.  
And wherever he went,  
he saw many people  
of all different colors.

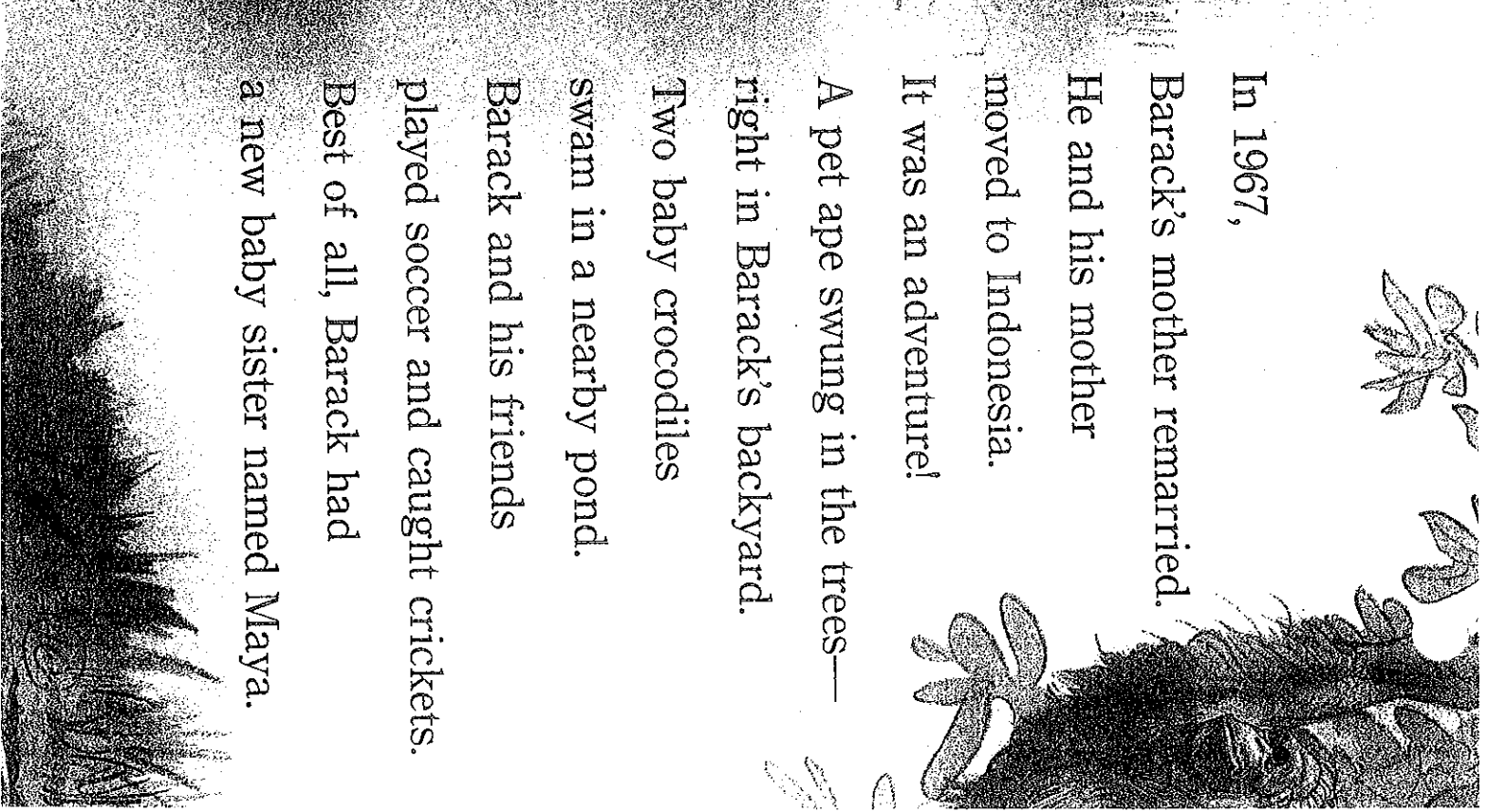


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In 1967,  
Barack's mother remarried.  
He and his mother  
moved to Indonesia.  
It was an adventure!  
A pet ape swung in the trees—  
right in Barack's backyard.  
Two baby crocodiles  
swam in a nearby pond.  
Barack and his friends  
played soccer and caught crickets.  
Best of all, Barack had  
a new baby sister named Maya.



But there were sad things, too.  
When Barack looked in magazines,  
he didn't see anyone like him.  
No one at school looked like him either.  
Barack felt different.  
He wondered where he fit in.



And when he looked around,  
Barack saw that  
many people were sick.  
Many people were hungry.  
Barack's mother tried to help.  
But she could not help e



Barack's mother thought  
education was very important.

She brought home books  
and speeches for him to read.

Every morning,  
she woke him up early to study.

Sometimes he complained.

But his mother made him listen.



She taught him the values  
she believed in—

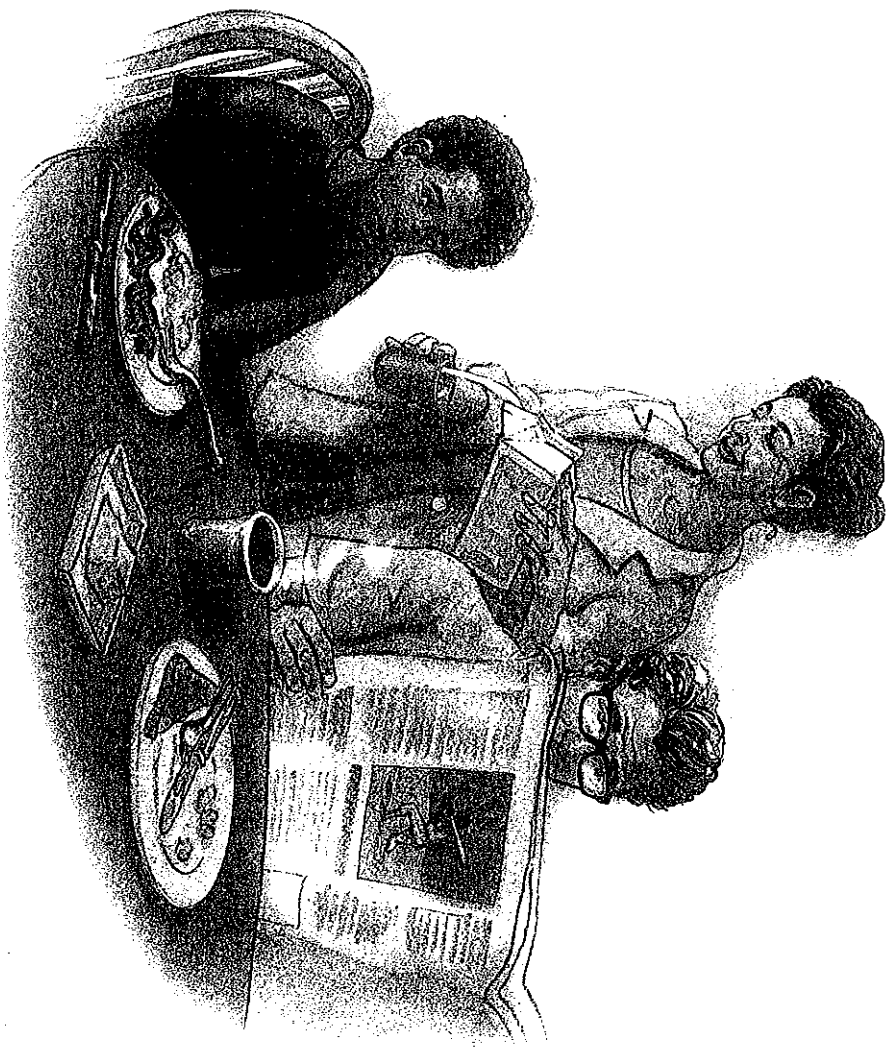
*fairness, honesty, and hard work.*

Most important,

she taught him that

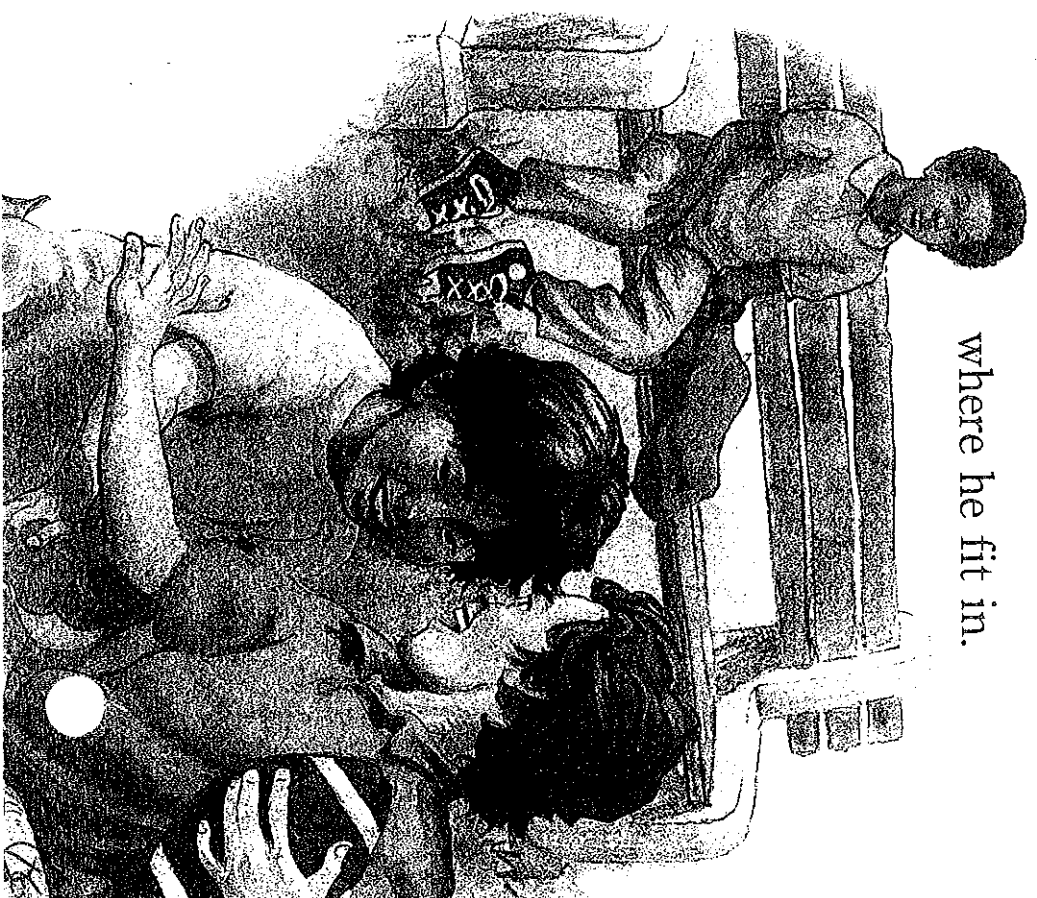
all people are the same inside.

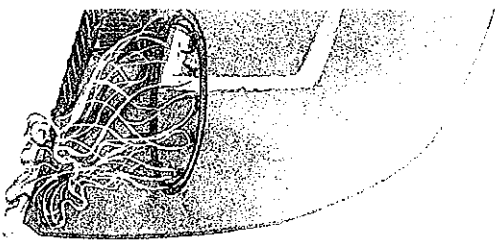




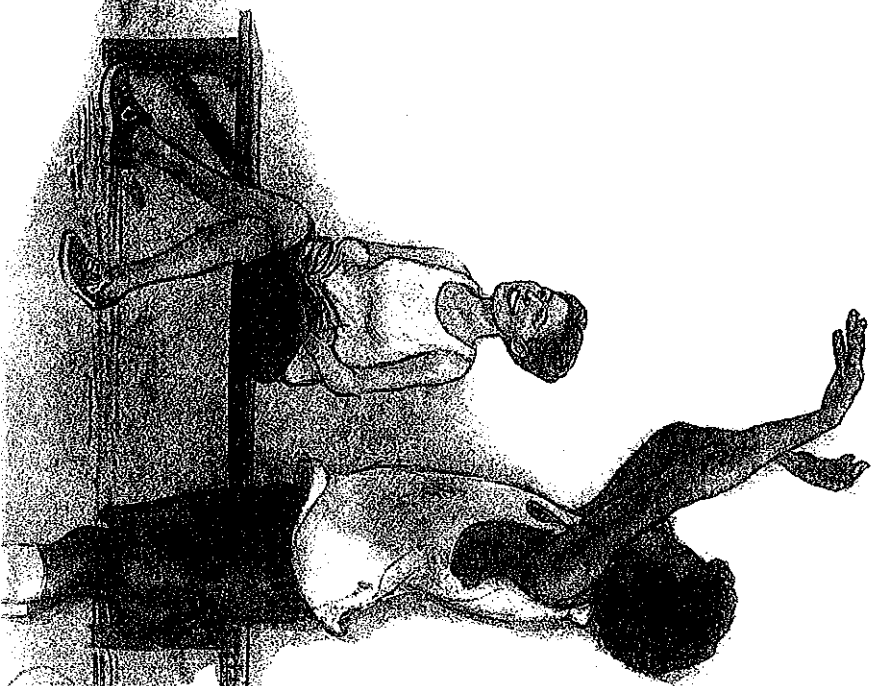
When he was ten,  
Barack won a scholarship  
to a school in Hawaii.  
He went to live with  
Gramps and Toot.  
His mother and Maya  
joined him the next year.

Barack was smart.  
But he wasn't perfect.  
Sometimes he was sad.  
Sometimes he was angry.  
And he still wondered  
where he fit in.





That winter,  
Barack's father came to visit.  
He gave Barack a basketball.  
Day after day,  
Barack practiced.  
Toot always cheered him on.



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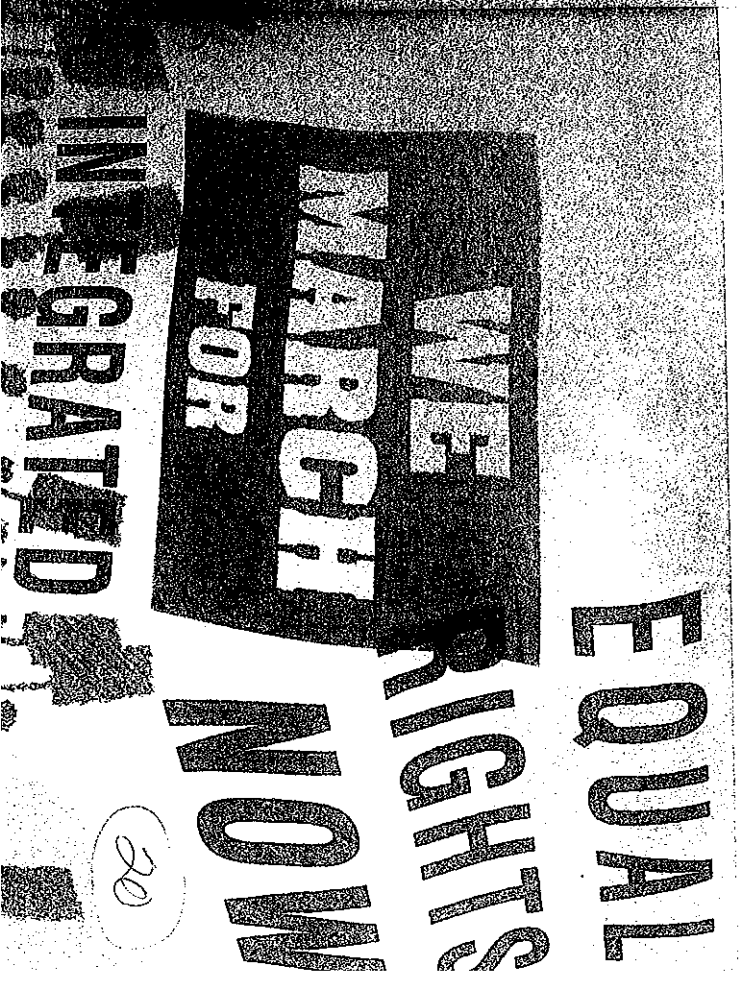
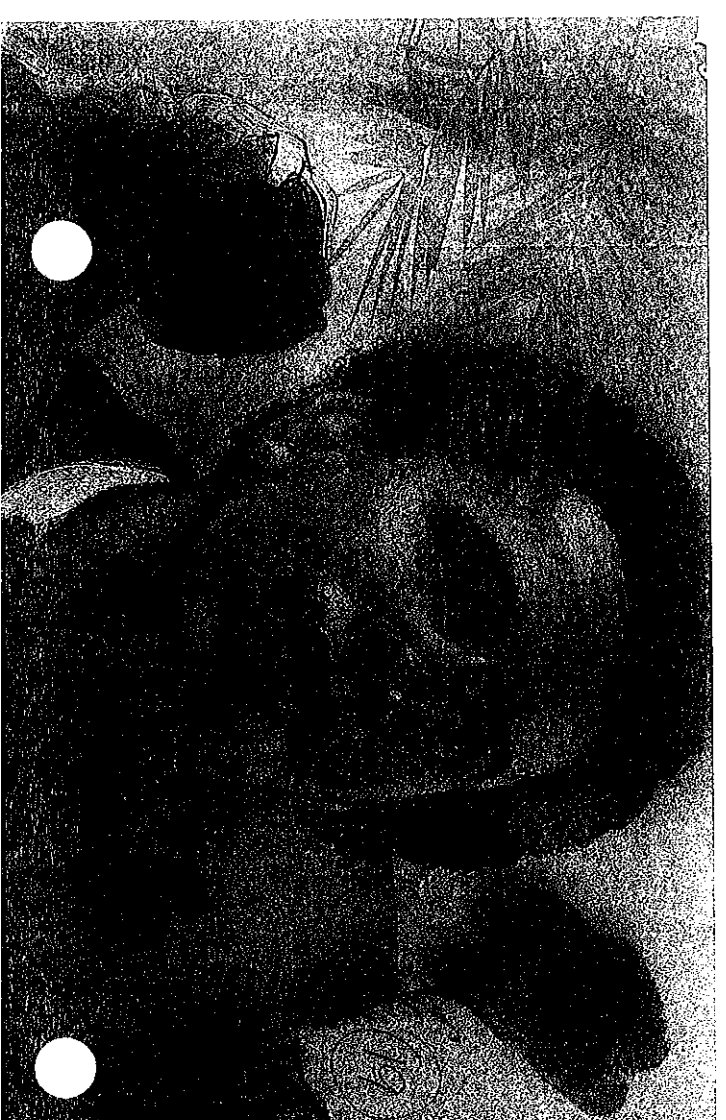


In high school,  
Barack joined  
the basketball team.  
He liked working  
with his teammates  
toward a common goal.  
At last,  
Barack felt like he fit in.

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Barack went to college.  
He visited museums.  
He listened to speeches.  
And he spent a lot of time  
walking and thinking.  
He remembered the poor in Indonesia.  
He remembered his mother's lessons  
about his own country.

Not that long ago,  
people of different colors  
could not go to school together.  
They could not use  
the same water fountains.  
Black people could not even vote.  
Barack was inspired by  
the people who fought to change that.



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